

TO-MORROW, Sunday, September 11.

It is a very difficult thing to produce an edition of *The Sunday World* of which it may be said without any suspicion of exaggeration that it will be better than all of those which have gone before it. Such conscientious and unceasing effort is constantly made and so much devotion shown by *The World's* staff of writers in producing the most important edition of the week, that if the news and the degree of public interest in passing events were the same all the year round, the various editions of the paper must be absolutely uniform or very nearly so in their quality.

During the past week, however, the news has been especially important to the inhabitants of the world, and unusually interesting to them as well. This fact has enabled the brilliant old men and the enterprising young men of *The Sunday World* to produce an edition of the newspaper to which they are especially anxious to call the attention of the people. This advertisement is not written to induce those intelligent men who buy *The World* every day, to buy the Sunday edition. The idea is to cheer the tired man at the end of the week with a glimpse of the fine things that await him on the morrow.

THE CHOLERA.

Once there was a man up a tree. Birds were singing in the branches all about him. There were apples on the ends of the little twigs, the sun was bright overhead and beautiful fields of grain smiled in the distance. At the foot of the tree there was a bull, the bull interested him more than the birds or the apples or the other fine things of nature. The American public is the man up the tree, and the bull down below is the cholera. Every newspaper must settle the cholera question, giving all the information about the bull below it can hope to interest the tired public in any other topic. The three hundred thousand wise men who will probably buy *The Sunday World* to-morrow, and the million or so of intelligent Americans who will read it, will know so much about the disease which is supposed to threaten us when they lay down to-morrow that they will be able to tell you what they will look upon the Asiatic microbe with a feeling of indifference born of absolute intimacy. They will worry no more about it than about a small white kitten.

IN HAMBURG.

No other newspaper in this country can supply such satisfactory news from Hamburg, the headquarters of the cholera, as that which will be sent by cable and published in *The Sunday World* to-morrow. It will interest *The World's* readers to know the character of the men who have gone to the heart of the dreaded plague to report its progress. One of them is Dr. William Shaw Bowen, Dr. Bowen is a man of wide medical experience, a brilliant and vigorous writer. He has gone through two cholera epidemics in the East, and will supply absolutely reliable and complete information concerning the progress of the disease above the other representative of *The World* who went especially to Hamburg for the New York *World* is a brilliant type of the newspaper reporter who tells the average American everything that he knows, and is frequently abused by the average American for it. If there is any news in Hamburg for the neighbors of Mr. Thomas Fielders will get it into the composing-room of *The Sunday World* just about as soon as it happens over there. Half a dozen stories could be told to prove that in the person of Mr. Fielders *The World's* staff of reporters is brilliantly represented in Hamburg. One will do. A good many reporters on a certain occasion boarded a ship in the lower bay to get news of a wreck. When the young men in the discharge of their duty had prepared their accounts of the event which they were to describe, it pleased some of them to write a paragraph in blue to order their tugboat away and to forbid the reporters to leave the ship until the papers should have gone to press. Mr. Thomas Fielders, now in Hamburg for *The World*, made a polite bow to Mr. Wippersnapper, buttoned up his manuscript in his inside pocket and dived head first out of the rail of the steamer. It happened to be winter and pretty cold, but Mr. Fielders' article got into the composing-room all right and was printed on the following day. If there is any news in Hamburg Mr. Fielders will get it, and the mere fact that he may get the cholera or break his back in the undertaking will not worry him at all.

SIR EDWIN TALKS TO A DOCTOR.
The brief interview on the subject of cholera which Sir Edwin Arnold gave to *The Sunday World* reporter on Thursday attracted the attention of all medical men. Dr. Frank H. Ingram, who writes an article on the cholera for to-morrow's *Sunday World*, has discussed the cholera question with the distinguished writer. Dr. Ingram's article, in which he treats Sir Edwin's ideas from the medical point of view, will supplement in the most interesting fashion Sir Edwin's article on the subject.

HISTORY OF NEW YORK'S PLAGUES.
The fattest and finest babies very often have the most numerous assortment of mumps, measles, &c. This town, which is the finest on earth, has had a good deal of trouble in its time. It has had yellow fever, smallpox, cholera, and all such things. Those ancient experiences of Father Knickerbocker become interesting to-day, and the *Sunday World* solemnly reviews them accordingly. The *Sunday World* also contains much interesting general information about the disease which occupies our minds, including the numerous, curious remedies which mankind has used to fight the disease ever since the old days before Harvey had discovered the circulation of the blood and when the wisest men knew as little about the mumps, measles as they know now about the cholera. These remedies, old and tried, are at least as interesting as the ancient Greek theories about the sources of the Nile. If you don't know what those theories are, get a book and read about them. They are among the few things which are not published in the *Sunday World* to-morrow.

USEFUL MICROBES.

We have gradually learned to look upon the microbes as our foe. It appears that that opinion is as unjust as the average idea of a New York policeman. There are some microbes which are not only useful, but which actually taste good. You will be very much startled to learn in the *Sunday World* to-morrow that the favor of certain superior cheeses, and the

comforting qualities which distinguish the butter of Philadelphia and of Italy are due to the peculiar bacilli in those cheeses and butters. This is not insipid, it is a scientific fact, and it is as accurate, elaborate and fair-minded as the news of the creation of a new industry, namely, the putting of microbes in tins for the purpose of retarding them to dairymen. This is cheerful news to dairymen ever in search of new ways for making themselves independent of the arrogant cow, and it is gratifying to the universal desire for fresh wonders in nature. Everybody must admit that the Philadelphia butter bacilli is at least as exciting as Stanley's hairy dwarf.

CHAMPION CORBETT AN AUTHOR.

When Mr. Jas. J. Corbett is not knocking anybody out he is constantly engaged, as you may have noticed in newspaper reports, in being a gentleman. He wears a dress suit, with a white tie, almost every night, and fastens down the lids of his eyes with red sealing wax. He is a very good writer, as well as a gentleman and an able prize fighter. Fighting is an art with him, and he has written an article for *The Sunday World*, which will be published to-morrow, describing that art and how he applied it to the sensitive personality of the late and lamented champion, John L. Sullivan. This article, given just as Mr. Corbett wrote it, will lack that delicacy of language which is the mark of a gentleman. It will be a contribution to *The Sunday World*, but it will abound in valuable and practical information. The youngest child in its cradle may hope to knock out the Sullivan of its day if he takes heart and carefully applies the rules which Mr. Corbett lays down.

MY HUSBAND, JIM.

Mr. James Corbett is married to a very beautiful lady, whose picture has been printed frequently in the public press. Mrs. Corbett is possessed of very unusual literary ability and has devoted this ability cheerfully and earnestly to an article written expressly for *The Sunday World*, in which she describes the fine qualities of her champion husband. Mrs. Corbett's article will appeal to every lady who yearns to become the bride of a champion prize fighter. Mrs. Corbett, realizing the position which her husband holds in the world, writes freely and fully about him and about his career. Just as Mr. Gladstone has written about her grand old man.

THE GREAT FIGHT REVIEWED.

The defeat of John L. Sullivan is a great event of history. It means more to millions of American men than the death of Abraham Lincoln or the forthcoming disaster to Benjamin Harrison. In the *Sunday World* to-morrow this great event of national history is treated from a historical point of view. If Macaulay were alive today, *The World's* readers would certainly have his impressions of the great battle presented to them. For lack of a Macaulay, *The Sunday World* has employed the next best thing, a good American reporter, to do the job. The cause of Sullivan's downfall, the heavy responsibility which rests upon Corbett, who has robbed the country of a great personality, the probable effect on the prize ring and all other questions involved will be treated in a manner to command the favorable comment of the most discerning and the most laboring. And if Russian protection is introduced into England, I suppose the birthright will have to work for Russian wages.

WHEN THE TRAP IS SPRUNG.

Upon us, as it sometimes is, in a most unexpected manner by disease, we appreciate the fact that it is a most infectious for, and that not only is it necessary to combat it by the most potent medicinal agencies, but to prevent its manifestation at all by contracting the cause that produces it. Thus, exposure to wet weather, the enforced wearing of damp clothes during a storm, a thorough draught, unaccustomed diet and water, bodily or mental overexertion, are breeders of disease, but the most common cause of the disease is the overworked generally, it is of the utmost advantage. Dyspepsia, kidney trouble, malaria, biliousness, all yield to it.

CHOLERA ABROAD!

Don't be without a bottle of **DR. TOBIAS' Venetian Liniment.**

Taken internally it acts like a charm for cholera, dysentery, diarrhea, colic, grippe, nausea, sick headache, &c. It is a powerful antiseptic, and its use is recommended by all the leading medical authorities. It is a most valuable remedy for all the above complaints, and its use is recommended by all the leading medical authorities. It is a most valuable remedy for all the above complaints, and its use is recommended by all the leading medical authorities.

THE THREE HARRISONS.

Last week *The Sunday World* printed the first complete life of Grover Cleveland. *The World* is the only impartial newspaper published in New York. It will present to its readers to-morrow a biography of Mr. Benjamin Harrison and of the two Harrisons who preceded him, as accurate, elaborate and fair-minded as the life of Grover Cleveland. This life of the Harrisons will be well told and well illustrated, accompanied by an excellently engraved supplement on special, fine paper, which every devoted Republican will desire to paste up over the head of his bed. *The World* and every other good American like and admire every sound, well-meaning citizen of this republic. The article on Mr. Harrison which *The World* will print to-morrow will appeal to every one of *The World's* great body of readers.

SCHOOL DAYS NEAR.

The Children Return to Their Studies Next Monday.

4,000 Teachers Will Await the Coming of 150,000 Pupils.

Preparations Made by the Department for Increased Attendance.

Among the "regular fall openings" that of the city schools is not to be forgotten. It occurs next Monday, and it is looked forward to with much eagerness by the future citizens of New York and their future wives, who have had ten long, happy weeks of play and have enjoyed themselves very much. There are 150,000 of them, specially-named and named by the vacation sun, and they will fill the streets early Monday morning on their way to school.

Four thousand teachers will await their coming, for their summer vacation has passed and school begins again for them. The Bureau of the School Department has had a hard time of it trying to keep up with the rapid growth of the city and its tendency to move uptown. Each year there has been complaint that there is not enough room in the schools for all of the little seekers after knowledge.

This year, 140,000. There is an annual increase of about 5,000 in the attendance. The new schools are at Broom and Ridge streets and Amsterdam avenue and Sixty-eighth street. Each has a seating capacity of 1,000. These schools will be known as Grammar Schools No. 94 and 95 respectively. They will be a great improvement on the old ones, and will be a great improvement on the old ones, and will be a great improvement on the old ones.

Wings added to Grammar School No. 18, at Lexington avenue and Fifty-first street, and to Grammar School No. 75, in Norfolk street, have a combined seating capacity of 775. There are other schools almost ready. There is Grammar School No. 62, at Cortlandt avenue and one hundred and fifty-seventh street, with seating for 2,722 children, all ready for opening Oct. 1; the Woodlawn school, which will be ready for 336 pupils Dec. 1; and the new school at 34th, 10th, 11th and 12th streets, with seating for 1,472, which will be ready Nov. 1.

There are several other schools in process of construction, and when school begins next year there will be accommodations for 20,000 more pupils than found seats last year.

Nearly every school-house in the Department has been thoroughly overhauled and improved from a sanitary point of view. More than \$230,000 has been spent in making larger and better windows, so that the class and study rooms should be better lighted and more cheerful, in improved ventilation, in new ceilings, and in the use of the best proof airways, additional playgrounds and the like.

Playgrounds outside of the buildings are out of the question in the downtown districts. There they have been located in the basement, but in the new schools planned by the Department they will be arranged for "playgrounds" in the attic.

These "playgrounds" are so arranged that they may be fitted up as gymnasiums, when the right kind of youthful spirit shall take hold of the members of the Board of Education.

The superintendent of the city schools, said regarding the accommodations for the children: "Of course some of our schools will be congested. In a community growing so rapidly and so one-sided this cannot be helped. We built a school where we think it will be most needed and when we get it done we find that another section of the city has grown faster and needs the school more. But, by going a little farther away from their homes the children, even of the sections growing most rapidly may be accommodated."

There will be no radical changes in the work of the several grades at the beginning of the year. The new classes will travel over the same course pursued by their predecessors, their elder brothers and sisters.

Manual training will continue to be a most interesting feature of the school work, though there will be no novel innovations at present, nor will the work be extended beyond the schools where it was introduced last year and the year before.

Boys will be taught the use of tools, and how to handle them in the little carpenter shops provided in several school buildings for the purpose, and the little girls will learn the art of plain sewing and at least the rudiments of cooking and the nourishing qualities of various foods.

"Your name is Edwards, you admit?" "Well, yes—that is a name I used on one occasion."

"On Thursday evening you left Whitehaven?"

"Yes."

"Were you, when in that town, lodging at the home of a Mrs. Smith?"

"Certainly I was."

"Then you are the man we want, and before I state the offense with which you are charged, be careful what you say, as we shall use it as evidence against you."

"More mystified than ever and boiling with rage and indignation, I thundered out:

"Why the dickens don't you come to the point? What blundering fooling is this? In search of evidence?"

"Now, Mr. Edwards," he interposed, "do not make a disturbance. I will read the charge and then you can come with us quietly and no one will be any the wiser. Proceeding, he said: 'You are charged on your own confession with murder; that is all I can tell you at present. My duty is to arrest you, so we will proceed, and the lot of you will be in prison. I tried to persuade the officer that he had made a great mistake, and that I knew nothing of the matter. When I became less excited I saw that the best way was to proceed in a cab to the station and explain matters. A cab was procured, and while riding I tried to think. I pinched myself to see if I were dreaming. What did it mean? Surely there

was a glaring mistake? But I knew not a soul in all Ireland who could vindicate my character, and so my thoughts ran on until I was brought back to my senses by the officer, who suddenly said, 'Here we are,' and I was marched through a hall into the office, where the charge-sheet was filed in and I was looked in a cell, a circumstance being of no avail."

"Having been in the cell some hours, I thought myself of my story, so I pulled the sheets of paper out of my pocket. The light was, however, too bad to enable me to read by. Determined to do something, I commenced counting the sheets of paper, and found that, instead of being thirty sheets, there were only twenty-nine. I counted again, and still there was one missing. This was very annoying, inasmuch as I had intended posting my 'story' on my arrival at Belfast."

"The next thing that puzzled me was my inability to discover from which part of the tale the sheet was missing, for, as I said before, the cell was very dark."

"I felt in all my pockets, but not once, but about a dozen times, but failed to discover the lost sheet, and so I came to the conclusion that in my hurry I had left it at my lodgings in Whitehaven. I felt time pressed by, and then a waiter lit the gas in the corridor, and a stream of light found its way through the hole in the cell door. I once more took out my papers, and eagerly read them through, but the most interesting part of the tale was missing—the confession of the villain—Edwards."

"What? Yes, I see it all now," I excitedly exclaimed. "Wardner! I shouted. 'Now, can't you make some sense here?' answered that functionary, thrusting his face in at the hole together with an angry moment I drew him and hurried him. As his father had not seen him for many years, I came to pass myself off as his son, and I was followed by the police. Now I am going away again; do not seek me, for you will never find me alive again. JOE MULLINS."

"When I had finished reading I laughed loud and long, and so did all the officers and men. We had a high time of it that night at my hotel, and next morning I, together with the policemen from England, sailed for Whitehaven. When we arrived there the police were crowded with people, evidently looking for some one on board. A cab was waiting for us, so as soon as we landed we entered it, minus such exclamations as 'That's him with the silk hat!' and 'Don't he look happy for a murderer?' &c."

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office and handed me the missing sheet, which read as follows:

"My name is not Edwards. The young man bearing this name worked by me in America. I quarreled with him, and in an angry moment I drew him and hurried him. As his father had not seen him for many years, I came to pass myself off as his son, and I was followed by the police. Now I am going away again; do not seek me, for you will never find me alive again. JOE MULLINS."

"When I had finished reading I laughed loud and long, and so did all the officers and men. We had a high time of it that night at my hotel, and next morning I, together with the policemen from England, sailed for Whitehaven. When we arrived there the police were crowded with people, evidently looking for some one on board. A cab was waiting for us, so as soon as we landed we entered it, minus such exclamations as 'That's him with the silk hat!' and 'Don't he look happy for a murderer?' &c."

"Arrived at the station, matters were explained and apologies offered, and we parted the best of friends. Poor Mrs. Smith had a splendid tea ready for me, and with her apron in her eye-corner she said: 'I thought you couldn't do such a thing.'"

"The townsfolk soon heard through the papers the whole affair was a mistake, and they considered it a great joke